

The Hong Kong Daily Press.

No. 5584

統四十三年五月

日七月七日乙未

HONGKONG, TUESDAY, 17th AUGUST, 1876

二月七日

八月七日

香港

PRICE \$24 PER MONTH.

Arrivals.

August 15, NAOMI, French bark, 354, Aincan, Nau-chwang 5th July, Beans.—CHINESE, August 16, LOUIS, German S-m schooner, 245; Schierholz, Chefoo 14th July, Beans and Vermicelli.—ED. SCHILLER & CO. August 16, VINDEX, German str., 28, F. C. Dicker, Hamburg 14th May, Gibralter 1st June, Malta 9th, Port Said 17th, Suez 18th, Aden 1st July, Galle 20th, and Singapore 5th August, Balast.—W. C. PUSTAU & CO.

August 16, NORDEN, Danish str., 778, N. Jensen, Bangkok 10th August, General AH YEN.

August 16, FE-YEW, Chinese str., 920, Crood, Shanghai 12th August, General C. M. S. N. CO.

August 16, PENG CHAO-HAI, Chinese gunboat, 600, Falong, Canton 15th August.

August 16, STARLIGHT, Siam, brig, 239, L. Buchholz, Bangkok 23rd July, Rice & Tea—CHINESE.

August 16, WESTFURY, British bark, 329, D. Nutford, Ningpo 24th July, General TRASER & CO.

Clearances.

At the HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE, AUGUST 16th.

Tales, for Newchwang, City of Tokio, str., for Yokohama and San Francisco.

Makarajah, str., for Shanghai.

Ningpo, str., for Ningpo and Shanghai.

Kerchalon, for Tientsin.

Departures.

August 16, TERESA, for Manila.

August 16, RIBBON, H.B.M. gunboat, for a cruise.

August 16, HAILONG, str., for Coast Ports.

August 16, SONDA, str., for Yokohama.

August 16, CITY OF TOKIO, str., for Yokohama and San Francisco.

August 16, MARIAH, str., for Shanghai.

August 16, QUAN SE, str., for Shanghai.

August 16, FU-YEW, str., for Canton.

Passengers.

ARRIVED.

Per NORDEN, str., from Bangkok.

27 Chinese.

Per FU-YEW, str., from Shanghai.

Per STARLIGHT, from Bangkok.

16 Chinese.

Per WOODBURN, from Ningpo.

Mr. J. C. McCull.

DEPARTED.

Per SUNDZ, str., for Yokohama.

Mr. G. C. Stevenson, Messrs. J. H. Bay, T. P. Poole, H. Poole, Major Rowland, S. H. Paul, one sailor, and 12 Chinese.

Per CITY OF TOKIO, str., for San Francisco.

Messrs. W. T. Brown, S. R. Green, W. L. Watson, G. V. Lane, D. Whiting, J. A. Zonett, and 236 Chinese.

TO DEPART.

Per Ningpo, str., for Ningpo and Shanghai.

3 Chinese.

Per SUNDZ, str., for Shanghai.

Per STARLIGHT, from Bangkok.

16 Chinese.

Per WOODBURN, from Ningpo.

Mr. J. B. Warburton, J. Gamble, and Leder, and 1 party officer.

Reports.

The Siam, brig, Starlight reports left Bangkok on 23rd July. Had light winds and fine weather throughout.

The French bark NAOMI reports left Newchwang on 5th July. Had light winds and calms, with fine weather throughout.

The German steamship VINDEX reports had fine weather until between Aden and Galle, when experienced six days' heavy weather. The rest of the passage fine.

The German 2-m. schooner LOUISE reports left Oefeo on 14th July. Had strong N.E. winds and fine weather. Passed a British steamer, the BELL, light, J. E. Bedford, Master, J. B. Warburton, J. Gamble, and Leder, and 1 party officer.

MANILA SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

July 19th, str. ENEMY from Hongkong; 24th, str. Paragon from Singapore, str. Formosa from Amoy, and Hongkong; 28th, Ocean from Hongkong, Mar. Isasi from Newsto; 29th, Highlander from Hongkong, str. Hamata from Amoy and Hongkong.

DEPARTURES.

July 21st, str. PASIO for Singapore; 24th, Dorothea for Falmouth; 28th, str. PANTY for Hongkong; 23th, Corsica for New York, Cristoforo for Falmouth via Cebu; 29th, str. PANTY for Liverpool; 31st, Greta for Falmouth via Illo.

Vessels Expected at Hongkong.

Vessel Name From Date

NAOMI French str., Nov. 21.

ALICE S. S. Ship, Jan. 16.

Opal, str. Liverpool, Feb. 27.

Auricula, str. Bremenhaven, Mar. 17.

Luna, str. Cardiff, Mar. 29.

Ph. I. str. Liverpool, April 1.

Newcastle, str. April 24.

Atmos, str. Cardiff, April 23.

Prince Louis, str. Cardiff, May 1.

Robert Boat, str. Liverpool, May 13.

Shade, str. Liverpool, May 14.

Opal, str. Liverpool, May 16.

Auricula, str. Liverpool, May 17.

Ph. I. str. Liverpool, May 18.

Excalibur, str. Liverpool, May 19.

Solent, str. Liverpool, May 21.

Eugenio, str. Liverpool, May 22.

Casper, str. Philadelphia, June 1.

John O. Muir, str. Liverpool, June 3.

Ameria, str. Liverpool, June 4.

Hamburg, str. June 5.

British Rom. Liverpool, June 6.

Opal, str. Liverpool, June 7.

Mirra, str. Liverpool, June 8.

Caroline Magna, Liverpool, June 9.

Bitter, str. Liverpool, June 10.

Charger, str. Liverpool, June 11.

Goldraum, str. Liverpool, June 12.

Auction Sales To-day.

None.

JOHN SHINKER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Sale Agent on the Pacific Coast.

Winchester Repeating Arms and Ammunition.

DuPont's Blasting and Sporting Powder, Lake Superior and Pacific Fuse Company's Fuse.

[By 10th July 7.

Notices of Firms.

NOTICE.—WE have established ourselves as MERCHANTS and COMMISSION AGENTS at Hongkong, and in Formosa at Tainan and Taiwan, under the style of TAYLOR & THOMPSON.

WILLIAM HENRY TAYLOR,

GEORGE MORTIMER THOMPSON,

62, 27th Hongkong, 17th February, 1876.

The Undersigned has been appointed AGENT at this Port for Messrs. HENRY S. KING & CO., of London.

OFFICE, No. 6, Stanley Street.

W. H. NOTLEY,

4176 Hongkong, 24th October, 1874.

NOTICE.

WE have this day established ourselves as MERCHANTS and GENERAL COMMISSION AGENTS under the style and firm of MALCAMPO & CO.

JOAQUIM MALCAMPO QUICOA,

6m 54' Amoy, 13th April, 1875.

NOTICE.

MR. CHAS. G. BUNKER, Jr., has this day been admitted a Partner in our Firm.

THOMSON & CO.

Flagstaff Anchorage, Foochow,

June 3th, 1875.

NOTICE.

M. E. HUGH, SUTHERLAND has been admitted a Partner in our Firm at Shanghai, and Mr. H. J. CHAMBERS is our Firm at this Port, from 1st instant.

JOHN FORSTER & CO.

571 Foochow, 16th May, 1875.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

THE Interest and Responsibility of Mr. THOMAS WALLACE in our Firm at Yokohama, and elsewhere in Japan, ceased by mutual consent on the 3rd of March, 1875.

W. H. CRAWFORD & CO.

5m 73' Foochow, 10th October, 1874.

NOTICE.

THE Premises now occupied by THE DEBON & CO. are situated on Island No. 160, Graham Street, (recently registered by Messrs. E. SCHILLER & CO.) consisting of DWELLING HOUSE, OFFICE, and FOUR GODOWNS.

Also, the DWELLING HOUSES Nos. 9, 8, and 10, Upper, Mosque, Terrace, Gas, and Water laid on.

Apply to T. G. LINSTEAD,

252 Hongkong, 2nd March, 1875.

NOTICE.

TWO DWELLING HOUSES and OFFICES.

Nos. 9 and 10, Stanley Street, lately in the possession of L. & J. C. THOMAS & CO.

For immediate possession.

PREMISES No. 44, Queen's Road, lately in the possession of Messrs. G. & J. D. DODGE & CO.

HOUSE No. 36, Wellington Street, thoroughly repaired.

For immediate possession.

PREMISES No. 1, Stanley Street, at present in the possession of Messrs. DREYER & CO., possession from 1st June next.

No. 11, Gage Street, lately in the possession of Mr. F. C. THOMAS.

DWELLING HOUSE, No. 4, Alexandra Terrace, possession from 1st June next.

DOUGLAS LAFRAIK & CO.

2905 Hongkong, 14th July, 1875.

NOTICE.

TO LET.

FIRST-CLASS GODOWN, situated in Queen's Road.

Apply to GIBB, LIVINGSTON & CO.

587 Hongkong, 28th June, 1875.

NOTICE.

HOUSE No. 5, Peal Street, newly painted and in good order, with new iron verandahs, containing 7 rooms.

Apply to H. A. ASGAB & H. ESMAILI,

107, Gage Street,

12m 98 Hongkong, 25th June, 1875.

NOTICE.

THE Premises at present occupied by THE CHINA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Queen's Road.

Apply to H. A. ASGAB & H. ESMAILI,

107, Gage Street,

12m 98 Hongkong, 7th July, 1874.

</div

Extracts.

REFLECTIONS OF A PRINCESS.

Right honest and red-necked; Robin was violent, and she was only a sweet violence. And a sweet craft. I would I were a milkmaid, to sing, love, marry, charm, braw, bairn, and die. Then have my simple bairns by the church, and all things lived and ended honestly. I could not find a word, I am Harry's daughter; Gardiner would have my head. They are not sweet, the violence and the craft do divide the world of nature; what is weak must live; The Noo needs not to stand by his young son, The loving little says "hush when they are there, then have the child; 'll sing you if you did it; What weapon had the child, save his soft tongue, To say "I did it" and my roll's the block. I never lay my head upon the pillow, But that I think, "What's he there tomorrow?" How of the falling snow, that never fell.

Heath shocked us back into the daylight truth. That may fall to day? Then a damp, black, dead, Nights in the Tower; dead with the fear of death— I've dug 'em out; and my roll's the block. Strike of a clock, the scurvy of a rat.

Affrighted me, and then delighted me.

For there was life—And there was life in death—

The little murdered pines, in a pale light, loose hand in hand, and whirled, "Come away,

The civil way sis gone for evermore;

Then, last of all the bairns, comin' away,

With a present?—No!—It was a dream!

I was not dream, not wish, but watch. She has gone, And Moran to her Robin—by-and-by.

Both happy! A fair may-night her by night,

And make a warning out in the yard;

But there's no Reynard here to catch her trapping,

Catch me who can, yet sometimes I have a—

That I were enghid, and kill'd over at once

Cut of the fitter. The gray roguish, Gardiner,

Went on his knees, and pray'd me to confess

Wyatt's bairns, and to eat myself

Upon the Queen's mercy; my when, my lord?

—God save the Queen, my—

—Tennyson's Queen, Queen Mary.

A LOQUACIOUS SHREW.

I had always held the people of Northern Portugal to be the greatest talkers in the country, exceeding in loquacity the people of the province of Beira, who are yet not a silent race, and greater talkers than those of the Alentejo, who seemed to me for the most part a down-spirited and listless people; but in inexhaustible conversation the Portuguese of this south-eastern corner of the kingdom bear the palm. My guide was a great talker, the padre's house-keeper was a greater, and in the hostess of the inn at Monsaraz, where we put up on the following night, I encountered a woman who was decidedly the superior of both. She was also a terrible shrew. Like Mr. Nichol's heroine, she

Made a golden tumult in the house."

and began very early indeed in the day. Her tongue was the last thing I heard at night, and it woke me prematurely next morning. Having heard the story of our misadventure of the previous day, she took upon herself. I know not why, to rate the guide soundly for his stupidity, telling him that he talked too much—an odd reproach from her! She bid him remember that silence was golden; that *esta loca morre o peixe* his mouth was the fish's death; that *no toco correda mas entre sardinas* if his lips were shut, hornets could not fly down his throat. She advised him to *fallar pouco* (faller low, *outra* too far) inquisitio to talk little and talk well, or he counted as nobody.

—Travels in Portugal. By John Latouche.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

The Esquimaux are in the habit of catching sharks with nets baited with salt meat, and with a hook and line. They are hunted for the sake of the oil, which is expressed from their livers, and for a substance very much like spermaceti, which is obtained under pressure from their flesh. Sir Leopold McLintock says the Esquimaux assert that the shark is insensible to pain, and that Petersen, who was his interpreter in the voyage of the *Fox*, related how he had plunged a long knife into the head of one which was feeding on a white whale entangled in his net, but that the brute continued its repast notwithstanding. As Sir Leopold remarks, it must be remembered that the brain of a shark is extremely small compared with the size of his huge head, and he says that he himself has seen bullet fired through them with very little apparent effect, but that if these creatures can feel, the devices practised upon them by the Esquimaux, who do not generally appear to be very choicer in their food, cannot quite manage to scratch it much.—*Land and Water.*

NEW "SOWING" MACHINE.

An old Scotch farmer, who is fond of lessening the labour on his farm, happened to enter a chemist's shop one day on some business. He found the name of drugs easily

printed on the labels of some splendid seals were found full of shrubs. Although the flesh of the seals is good to eat all the year round, during March that of the whale is very fat, having a disagreeable flavour like garlic, which penetrates the whole body to such an extent that even the Esquimaux, who do not generally appear to be very choicer in their food, cannot quite manage to scratch it much.—*Land and Water.*

COUNT WALDECK, THE CENTENARIAN.

Count Waldeck died in Paris a few weeks ago, aged 110 years, Arsene Houssaye, in his last letter, to the *New York Tribune*, gives some interesting gossip about him:—

"A month ago I met him again at dinner at the house of a charming and eccentric Irishwoman, known here under the name of the Marchioness Lopez. I had Count Waldeck in front of me; I sat between his wife and his son. As this young gentleman was about 24 years old, I supposed he was a stepson, and scarcely knew on what ground I was standing while chattering with his wife, an English lady of great beauty and distinction. At last I took the bull by the horns."

The farmer soon complied, being now all eagerness to understand all about the new machine. No sooner had he laid hold of the handles than the chemist said the thing in action. The farmer could not but wonder at the machine, and was greatly pleased, and said

"I understand you are to be effective, should only work one way."

CHEATED HIM IN TRADE TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

"Rufus Adams, you are charged on this dock with disturbing the peace and other unlawful practices, chief among which is the selling of a wagon-load of shoulders to one Martin Buffs, for hams."

"I did it out of charity," replied Adams, a sleek-looking man gotten up by nature with an evident intent to deceive.

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.' And why, Madame, was he the most irreverent?" Because he was the youngest. He was not 80 years of age. He was 20, four times over." At this moment Count Waldeck rose, took with a firm hand a glass of champagne, and improvised a pretty stanza in honor of Madame Lopez. After which he emptied his glass at a leap without winking. When it was empty he turned it upside down on the hand of the Marchioness, and kissed away the last drop. "That," he said, "is what we find as a woman loves her husband. Do not count his years, I have trouble in believing that he is 100, and I am only 42." Parson the curiosity of a philosopher whose study is woman. Permit me to place an interrogation point before your heart. Did you love him at 39 because he was a gentleman in spirit as well as birth, or did you love him from love?" I loved him from love. I was at that time somewhat in demand. If among all my suitors I chose Count Waldeck it was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams, but shoulders, when I saw that Com. Waldeck was because I found him the most irreverent. Here's smacking to console those who are entering M. Flourens' 'Third Youth.'

"Charity is a beautiful trait, Mr. Adams," said the Court, opening the tortoise and picking into the shell, "and we are told it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Well, you see, Mr. Buffs had just emigrated from the land of wooden nutmegs and sausages, and I was passing by his place with a load of shoulders, when he hailed me with: 'Those are fine hams, ain't they? Just as you say, said I. Then he came out and looked at them, climbing upon the

wheels and lifted them over. 'How many?' said he. 'One hundred and seventy-five,' said I. 'What are hams worth?' said he. Sixteen cents a pound, said I; but if you want the whole of them in the wagon you can have them for fifteen cents. Then he looked them all over again, and said, 'They are fine hams. I'll take them.' Now, your Honour, I was just on the point of telling him they were not hams,